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FRANK W. READ.

NO HEEL-TAPS.

"Is the moon up yet?"

"Yes; if I swallowed it."

"My dear sir, you do not know what a bicycle is unless you have ridden a Model 40 Columbia!"

We are just beginning to be able to meet the demand for these superb bicycles. Now is your chance.

POPE MANUFACTURING CO.



Rollicking Childhood.

It is surely your dearest wish to see your children strong and happy with sparkling eyes and lively, sturdy limbs.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S
Malt-Nutrine
TRADE MARK.



is the ideal tonic for growing children. They will like the taste of it and it will nourish and invigorate them. Especially helpful to nursing mothers.

TO BE HAD AT ALL
DRUGGISTS' and
GROCERS'.

Prepared by

ANHEUSER-BUSCH BREWING ASS'N, St. Louis, U. S. A.

Send for handsomely illustrated colored booklets and other reading matter.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Supreme Court of Washington, D. C., has awarded to the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Ass'n the disputed Highest Score of award with Medal and Diploma of the World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, 1893.



RAYMOND & WHITCOMB TOURS. ALL TRAVELING EXPENSES INCLUDED.

A party will leave New York in October for an Autumn Tour to

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

The tickets cover every expense of travel both ways and give the holder entire freedom on the Pacific Coast. They may be used returning on **Any Regular Train until July, 1896**, or with special trains with personal escort, with a **Choice of Different Routes**.

September Tours to the White and Adirondack Mountains.

Tour to Gettysburg, Luray, Natural Bridge, Richmond, Old Point Comfort, and Washington, Sept. 20; to Gettysburg and Washington, Sept. 25.

Annual Winter Tours to California, with Elegant Trains of Palace Vestibule Sleeping and Dining Cars, Nov. 19, December 10, Jan. 7 and 24, Feb. 11 and 14, etc.

Tours to Mexico in January and February.

Tours to Florida, Cuba, Hawaiian Islands, Japan, China, Europe, including Russia, etc., in season.

INDEPENDENT RAILROAD AND STEAMSHIP TICKETS TO ALL POINTS. Send for descriptive book, mentioning the particular information desired.

RAYMOND & WHITCOMB, 31 East Fourteenth Street, Lincoln Building, New York.

296 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

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9th & 10th Sts.
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Hilton, Hughes & Co.
SUCCESSORS TO A.T. STEWART & CO.

BROADWAY
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FOURTH AVE.

WHEN THE TREES STOP GROWING

for the year is when a business like ours is going ahead fastest. Not a check, not a setback since April dried his tears and smiled a welcome.

New York never saw such Summer selling in Carpets and Groceries, in Silks and Women's Wear and half a dozen other stocks. And now the grand Fall movement is getting full headway.

SENSIBLE FURNITURE

Fine enough for anybody, well made, well finished, designs of to-day, exactly the grade and style you'd look for in a first-class Furniture store. The startling surprise every time is the price—so much below what you expect to pay. Any woman can judge pretty nearly what a medium price Bedroom Suit is worth. Measure the store full by these.

ANTIQUE OAK, AT \$10—3 pieces, bedstead, 5 ft. 6 in. high, 4 ft. 6 in. wide; bureau, 6 ft. 2 in. high, top 36 x 17 in., 3 drawers, French plate glass, 20 x 18 in.; washstand, drawer, 2 doors, splasher back, top 23 x 17 in.

ANTIQUE FINISH, AT \$12.50—Bedstead, carving in headboard, 6 ft. high; bureau, 6 ft. 1 in. high, top 42 x 19 in., glass frame, carving to match bed, bevel German glass, 28 x 22 in.; washstand, top 30 x 17 in., splasher back, 3 drawers, door.

ANTIQUE ASH, AT \$14—Bedstead, 6 ft. high, 4 ft. 6 in. wide, carving in headboard; bureau, bevel German glass, 24 x 20 in., top, 36 x 19 in., 3 drawers, glass frame, carved to match bed; washstand has splasher back, top 32 x 17 in., 10 drawers, 2 doors.

ANTIQUE ASH, AT \$16—Bedstead, 6 ft. 2 in. high, 4 ft. 6 in. wide, carving in headboard; bureau, German bevel glass, 28 x 22 in., glass frame carved to match bed, top 42 x 20 in., 3 drawers; washstand, 3 drawers, door, splasher back, top 34 x 17 in.

ANTIQUE ASH, AT \$18—Bedstead carved headboard, 6 ft. high, 4 ft. 6 in. wide; bureau, 6 ft. 4 in. high, oval French bevel glass, 30 x 24 in., top 42 x 19 in., 3 drawers; washstand, splasher back, 2 drawers, doors, top 34 x 17 in.

ANTIQUE OAK, AT \$25—Bedstead, carving on headboard, 6 ft. 6 in. high, 4 ft. 6 in. wide; bureau, oval French bevel glass, 30 x 24 in., top 42 x 20 in., 3 drawers; washstand, splasher back, 3 drawers, door, top 38 x 20 in.

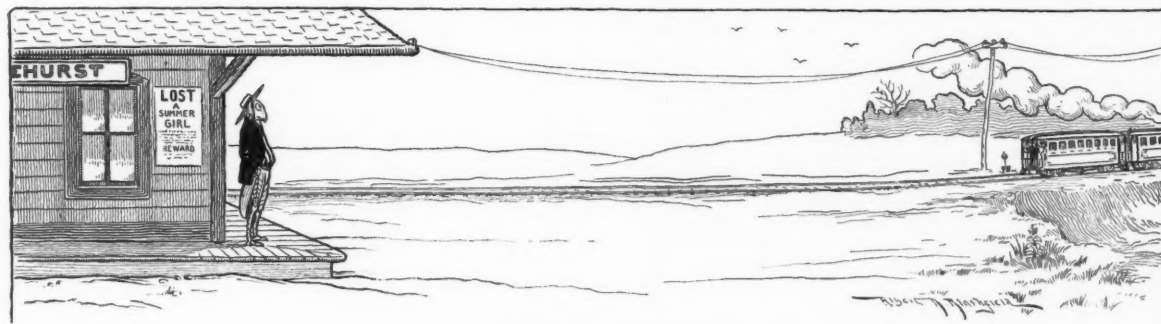
MAHOGANY, AT \$38—Bedstead, 6 ft. in. high, 4 ft. 8 in. wide, headboard has delicate carving and nice moulding; bureau French bevel glass 34 x 26 in., frame matches bed, top 43 x 22 in., large drawers; washstand has combination 3 drawers and door, splasher back, top 34 x 20 in.

IF YOU NEED CARPETS

and have been waiting for some good fairy to bring them, don't wait any longer. It might not be pleasant to have a fairy fooling around and the Carpets would cost you almost as much as we say.

10-wire Taps, fine, handsome Taps. The sorts marked 75c. all around town. Here are one thousand pieces of them at 45c the yd. The grandest Tapestry Carpets bargain we ever knew of.

That's one item in our great Carpet sale. There are a dozen others.



A SEPTEMBER SORROW.

TWO KINDS OF IT.

WE were grieved at seeing this in the *Boston Herald* the other day: "New York's 'provincialism' was manifested by one of its greatest dailies in devoting precisely eight lines to the parade here last Tuesday!"

What a sensitive Hub it is! But certain local events which assume tremendous proportions in a quiet village often create no excitement in a metropolis. We were somewhat mortified at the time that the Athens of America should lose her head over a congregation of Knights Templar, and it certainly seems unkind to rebuke us for not yielding to the same masculine blandishments.

VALUABLE.

MRS. CUMSO (*reading*): A butcher in Indiana killed a cow and found in her stomach several hairpins, a thimble, five screws and a \$20 gold piece.

MR. CUMSO: That bears out exactly what my Uncle Jim used to say.

"What was that?"

"He always contended that there was money in cows."

ART TERMS.



CROSS HATCHING.



FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SUBMARINE ARTIST.

Chorus of Patriotic Mermaids: IT'S A GOOD THING. PUSH IT ALONG!



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXVI. SEPTEMBER 19, 1895. No. 664.

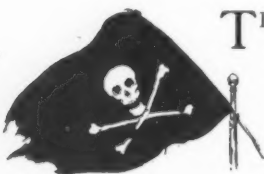
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

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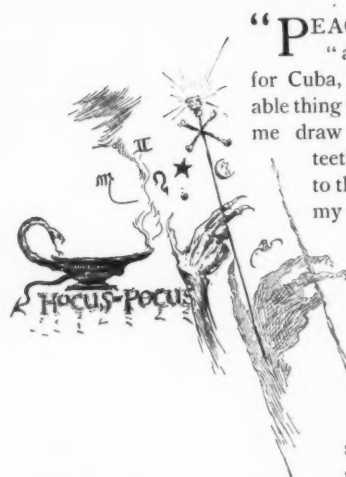


SOME one has computed that in fifty years or so Chicago will have seven millions of people in it, and will be bigger than any city in the world except London, which will have eight millions. If Chicago is going to be so big no doubt she does well to provide betimes for her necessities. All the same there is much curiosity in states that border on the great lakes as to the effect of that drainage canal which she is building to connect her back yard with the Gulf of Mexico. The understanding is that Lake Michigan will feed itself into that canal at the rate of 10,000 cubic feet a second, and whether the great lakes can spare as much water as that without feeling it is something a good many people want to know. Chicago will say that so long as the water gets eventually to the sea it makes no difference whether it goes down the Mississippi or the St. Lawrence, but Buffalo may see it in a different light, and so may Niagara Falls, and the ports of Lake Michigan are more interested than either.

When Chicago gets her sewer dug, and the Hudson river is bridged between New York and New Jersey, we shall see what we shall see, and most of us will live to see it.



THE manufacturers of plug tobacco are about to compete with the American Tobacco Company in the manufacture of cigarettes. It will be remembered that before the American Tobacco Company was formed, the competition between the concerns which now comprise it filled the pockets of children with demoralizing pictures and was carried to an excess that made it a public nuisance. Heaven send that the impending strife of cigarette-makers may have no such nauseating developments as that former one. Here's wishing good sport to both sides, so long as the public comfort is not interfered with.



"PEACE first," says Spain, "and after that autonomy for Cuba, and every other reasonable thing that she desires." "Let me draw your claws and your teeth," said the Woodman to the Lion, "and after that my daughter will be most happy to receive your addresses." Unhappily for Spain her professions of distinguished consideration for Cuba gain no credit. Nobody believes but that if she can manage to get the Cubans under again,

she will use them in the same way and to the same ends as heretofore. Spain is very poor and Cuba is profitable to her. Cuba can pay, and Spain hopes to make her pay in the future as she has done in the past. But after all, there is a simple way out of all the trouble if only it can be followed out. If Spain cannot continue to pay expenses without Cuba's assistance, the most reasonable solution of that incompetency is for Cuba to annex Spain, and shift the capital from Madrid to Havana. If Cuba must support Spain, let her govern her too. That is just and seemly and conforms with the usages of every-day, nineteenth century life, as well as with the tenet of Scripture which proclaims that to him who hath shall be given, and from him who hath not shall be taken away.



CURRENT events seem to favor the clearing out of the hath-nots in various parts of the world. China is in imminent danger of being parcelled out in convenient lots to competent powers. Spain, shorn of all her other foreign possessions, is in this desperate fight to retain Cuba, and Turkey has had a notice from Lord Salisbury, the precise dimensions of

which have not yet transpired, but which is understood to mean that an English keeper is to be appointed to see that such as are left of the Sultan's subjects in Armenia get proper treatment.

No abatement of Turks or Chinese need cause even the most tender-hearted person a qualm. The Turk in Europe is an anachronism. Any good master would be better for the Chinese than the incompetent and cruel bosses they have now.



The Fiancée: BUT CAN WE AFFORD SUCH A HOUSE, DEAREST? THEY SAY ONE'S RENT SHOULD ONLY BE A FOURTH OF ONE'S INCOME.

"BUT THIS IS A GOOD DEAL LESS THAN ONE-FOURTH OF YOUR FATHER'S INCOME."

VERY LIKELY.

WIFE: The baby has a troubled look. I wonder what he's thinking about?

HUSBAND: He's probably wishing we lived in Greenland, my dear, where the nights are six months long.

SHE: No man is good enough for me.

HE: I know that, but am I bad enough?

A BLESSING IN DISGUISE.

O'HARA: Lekk here, Levinsky, I bought this suit off o' ye lasht wake, an' yisterda' I fell off a ferry-boat, an' the salt wather shrunk the duds roight off o' me body!

LEVINSKY: Dot vos der beauty of dose suidts, Misder O'Hara. If you had on vun of dose old-fashioned, non-shringkable suidts, it vouldt haf got vater-soaked in a minute, and you vouldt haf peen trowned!

OUR FRESH AIR FUND.

Previously acknowledged.	\$4,829 17	Katherine Cary Cook.....	\$ 3 00
Bertha.....	6 00	In Memory of Little E. F.	
Proceeds of a theatrical		and his Mamma dear..	25 00
performance of five		From a Sunday School	
little boys and girls of		Class in El Montecito,	
Yonkers, N. Y.....	3 50	Cal.....	3 00
Robt. W. Johnson.....	10 00	In Memory of Hervey	
Dorothy F. Howry and		Louise.....	10 00
John H. Howry, and..	5 00	John B. Woodward and his	
L. D. M.....	3 00	baby sister.....	6 00
Westchester Annual Sub-		Marjory and Douglas.....	10 00
scription.....	50 00	Clarissa.....	3 00
From the Grenell Island		In Memory of M. B. L.....	5 00
Sunday School.....	6 00	Jacksie.....	5 00
W. U. S. S., Wollaston,		In Memory of F. B. J.....	6 00
Mass.....	2 00		
			\$4,990 67



AN EARLY FALL.

NO COMPARISON.

MERRITT: She has such a pretty foot. I don't know where you would find anything smaller, do you?

CORA: There is the shoe she wears.

THE IMPRESSIONIST AND THE WIDOWED LADY.

SIX CONVERSATIONS.—IV.

"I THOUGHT I was very early," I said, surprised to find Mrs. Turnbull downstairs waiting for me, and before one.

"You are," she answered, shaking my hand cordially, "but I thought we wouldn't lose any time over beginning luncheon because that sister-in-law of mine is better after all and threatens to come over."

"What if she does?" I asked.

"Oh, well, if you must know, I said I was having company at home, and when she asked who, I said, in desperation, a kindergarten meeting!"

"Well?"

"Well! She promised she'd try and come in early in the afternoon!"

"Oh!"

"Yes, you'll acknowledge, it will be hard to explain when you come into a kindergarten."

Luncheon was announced.

"Why does your sister dislike me?"

"She's afraid I'm going to marry you!"

"I wish I were afraid of that."

"Don't wish any such thing! I have it, too, and it's a dreadful feeling."

I spilled my grape fruit *au kirsche* into my lap.

"Don't play with me," I begged rather foolishly; "are you in earnest?"

"Yes, seriously," she answered, with a very opposite look from seriousness in her eyes.

"Seriously, it almost amounts to a mania with me, that I shall some time marry you." (I opened my lips to speak.) "Although," she continued, "oddly enough, it is true that if you asked me to-day to be your wife, I should say no, of course, with grateful regret."

The maid came in, and we spoke of the peas.

"It isn't fair! It isn't fair!" I burst out the moment we were alone again.

"What isn't fair?" she asked, pretending great surprise and curiosity.

"The way you have of lifting me up almost as high as the heavens and then dropping me—way, way down, all of a sudden!"

"Dear me, isn't the wine good?" she asked.

"Of course!"

"Then what is the matter?"

"Never mind—I'm sorry I expressed myself as I did."

"You are angry because I said I felt I should marry you some time!"

I gave her only one look, but I am sure it bled! Then I said, "I think if we ever were married, you would not turn up at the church just to tease me, but would be waiting for me with another minister at the door of your home."

"I certainly should prefer a home wedding," she murmured, which hardly seemed to me to the point.

"Suppose we change the conversation," she said, "as we don't agree."

"By George, you are the most tantalizing woman!"

"Listen to me—something has gone wrong with you—whom are you painting now?"

"Mrs. Nooton. She came and gave me the order. I couldn't refuse."

"You poor fellow. Jane," as the maid entered, "fill Mr. Bowles' glass. Really if I had known I would have been more sympathetic. What will you do with her nose?"

"I shall flatter it."

"Heavens! I thought you were going to say *flatten* it, and I was about to wager with you, *there* was a case where you couldn't get ahead of nature! Of course you will paint her in profile, the left side—even an Impressionist would hesitate I think to reproduce the right! It's the right eye that does it, you know! All her married life she's kept that eye on her husband no matter what she's been doing herself, and this is the awful result. I'd hate to see her husband as that eye sees him! Wouldn't you?"

"What has Mrs. Nooton done?"

"Shall I tell you? She's ashamed of her own father and mother, because she's married a Nooton, and never once has anyone seen either of them at her house. No, I thank you! that sort of a person doesn't interest me, and

I'm surprised that *you* should take so much pleasure in painting her."

"But I don't. How absurd you are!"

"Oh, I've known much plainer women than she turn men's heads."

"If I dared I should think you were jealous of her."

"Oh! that's *too* funny!"

"Well, it's odd you never like me to paint anyone."

"That's not true. I loved your sitter of last month."

"My aunt! Oh, yes."

"One of the most charming women I ever met."

"But not young."

"I hope you are not one of those men who discuss women's ages."

"I hope you are not one of those women who are afraid to."

"Certainly not!" she said, somewhat emphatically, and added, I thought unnecessarily, "I am thirty-one."

"Then I was born the same year as yourself. I volunteered in '64."

"Yes," she said, "and that makes you five years my junior."

"How in the world—?"

"A woman at my age is always five years older than a man the same."

"Yes, but a woman is always about five years younger than her actual age."

"True."

"Then if my age makes you five years older than I, your own age makes you still five years younger, so we come out the same after all."

"I never could understand arithmetic. I think you might have made me out five years younger than you."

"I will begin all over again!"

"No! No! Smoke instead!" and she moved some cigarettes toward me.

The maid spoke to her softly. I had a wretched presentment.

"No, don't smoke!" she said dramatically.

"Your sister-in-law?" I asked.

"Yes, she's come."

Clyde Fitch.



"HERE IS THE ACCOUNT OF A MAN WHO HAD FOUR WIVES, AND HE IS TO SUFFER FOR IT."
"WHAT, AGAIN?"

AN APPEAL.

O HEAR me, cruel-hearted thief,
This is my last appeal to you!
Here read the cause of all my grief,
And see the mischief that you do.

You took from me my tender heart,
Though you it could no profit bring—
Now mine is but an idle part;
I have no heart for anything.

You robbed me of my healthful sleep,
To me the night no more brings rest;
Your haunting graces round me sweep
Whene'er my troubled pillow's pressed.

You stole my appetite away,
Alas! I can no longer eat;
The dining hours that sweetened day
Have lost the charm that made them sweet.

Give back, give back all these again,
And you I will forever bless;
For me to live with none were vain,
While you can surely live with less.

Or if a part you wish to keep,
I yield perforce unto your might;
So hold you then my heart and sleep,
But O, return my appetite!

C. Thomas Duvall.

THE REALITY OF IT.

PROFESSOR: When Newton said "Every mass of matter is in a state of stable equilibrium unless acted upon by an exterior force," he was crazy.
"Crazy, sir?"
"Crazy! Now, I'm in a state of unstable hicquilibrium from being acted upon by an *interior* force!"



BAR RELIEF.



WHEN SHE MARRIES A
SHE MAY FIND THE HUSBAND ARE



E MARRIES A GERMAN,
THE HUNS ARE NOT FOR HER.

MEN YOU MEET.

THE MAN YOUR DAUGHTER KNOWS.

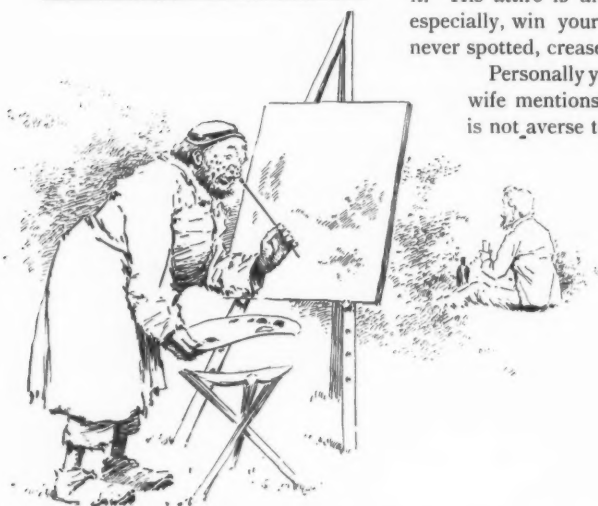
HIS appearance is so eminently respectable that you feel the same satisfaction on finding him around the house as you experience on seeing a choice bit of Chelsea on your wall or a well bred horse in your stable. His eyes are sleepy, honest eyes enough, and if they rarely in your presence express anything more than vacant indifference you don't much care.

His hair is always beautifully smoothed—with a sadiron, you surmise—and the parting, indelibly in the exact centre, has evidently grown there and is not, as are other partings, the result of artifice. An incipient moustache does honor to his expectations, and if you sometimes wish the ends were not so stiffly starched you never hurt his feelings by mentioning it. His attire is always faultless, immaculate, and his shoes, especially, win your warm and envious admiration; they are never spotted, creased nor cracked as are your own.

Personally you are not well acquainted with him. Your wife mentions his name sometimes, and your daughter is not averse to his society, you understand. Quite often

"SHE'S A-LAYIN' FOR ME SURE. I GUESS I'LL STAY HERE TILL DAD GITS HOME, AN' I'LL SAVE ONE LICKIN'!"

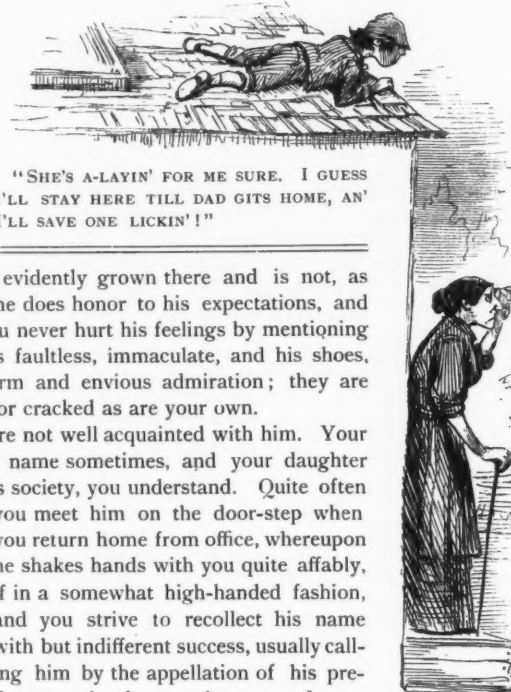
you meet him on the door-step when you return home from office, whereupon he shakes hands with you quite affably, if in a somewhat high-handed fashion, and you strive to recollect his name with but indifferent success, usually calling him by the appellation of his predecessor in the good graces of your daughter. Sometimes you run across him at your club, and more often your wife has him to dinner and you sit over the coffee with him afterwards, while he smokes your cigars a trifle condescendingly and kindly speaks a good word for your wine until the conversation dies away for the twentieth time in ten minutes, and he excuses himself and returns to the ladies; the "ladies" in the case being your daughter who, during the last half of the ten minutes, has been beckoning to him from behind the hall door, where she imagined herself unseen by you. You do not beg him to stay; somehow it is very difficult to make conversation with the Man Your Daughter Knows.



"WID A LITTLE RED PAINT I'LL SEE IF I CAN'T WIN DAT GRUB."



"BOSS, WOULD YER HELP A POOR FELLER WHAT'S JUST OUT FROM DE SMALL-POX HOSPITAL."



"SHE'S A-LAYIN' FOR ME SURE. I GUESS I'LL STAY HERE TILL DAD GITS HOME, AN' I'LL SAVE ONE LICKIN'!"



"AND DEY SAY GAME IS SCARCE DIS YEAR."



THE WONDERS OF AMERICA.
MOONRISE ON THE COAST OF MAINE.

And so you keep on meeting him at short intervals, until one day your daughter decides that he is absolutely necessary to her future happiness and you purchase him for her at a figure which you consider quite modest, when you come to think of his shoes and hair; whereupon your wife assures you that you have done well, and you experience a slight glow of pride as a result of her commendations, and you feel rather thankful that you won't have to talk to him again for at least a month.

Richard Stillman Powell.

BOBBIE: Say, if you are going to propose to sister, I wish you would let me know the night.

FIDDLEBUCK: What do you want to know for?

BOBBIE: Well, she's had four this year already, and I haven't missed one yet.

WIFE: John, why don't you go to sleep?

HUSBAND: I'm afraid it might wake up the baby.



TWO HOURS LATER.

A DELICATE MATTER.



IT appears that on a recent occasion Mrs. Astor wore her famous stomacher of diamonds and her diadem of precious stones. The Astor gold service adorned the table.

Of course the lady wore other things in addition. Or is this a first intimation that the early Australian attire is to prevail at Newport? While such a costume would undoubtedly be delightfully cool in a hot summer evening, the discarding of skirts is a somewhat radical step.

TWO L. E. G.'S ON A VARIETY STAGE.

THE curtains part, the band strikes up its bray,
The middle-aged soubrette comes on with glee;
The weary audience homeward wends its way,
And leaves the theatre to her and me.

JUST FOR THE FUN OF IT.

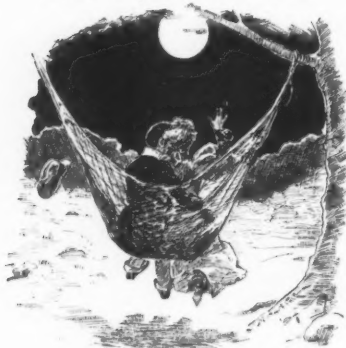
IF a boy of ten should remove the stomach of a dog just to see how long the animal could live without it, we are inclined to think that when the knowledge of this achievement came to the child's parents little Johnny would get a dressing down. We are also inclined to think that little Johnny's reputation as a boy of good instincts would suffer a serious impairment among the neighbors.

But this "interesting experiment" has been repeatedly made by boys over thirty years of age, and with no other purpose than "to discover how long the animal can exist in that condition." When done by older boys it becomes vivisection.

COMPOSER: I have here a song that I think will commend itself to the musical critics.

PUBLISHER: Musical critics nothing! If it pleases the office boys, it's a go; if not, not. We know our public, sir!

WALL STREET PHRASES.



"A SQUEEZE IN CORDAGE."

CONVINCING EVIDENCE.

SPEAKING of family makes me think
What Dorothy said last night:
That she could trace her ancestors back
To the time of that Hastings fight.

I've not the slightest shadow of doubt
That her blood is royal, for
Her eyes have a look which proves—(to me)
All her claims to "the Conqueror."

TACTFULNESS OF JOURNALISM.

SHE was what is called "quite a bright woman." In the New York vernacular, this term applies to any woman of sense below the age of thirty, after which they are called "briny," and don't seem to like it.

Her appearance was such that even Society Reporters merely described her as possessing "an attractive personality." This is a significant fact. The Society Reporter is never rude. If you are a millionaire's daughter, and of average looks, he will describe you as "Beautiful and possessed of indescribable *chic*."

If you have a few thousands, and dress well—even though you have no eyelashes and a slab-sided figure—the Society Reporter will still be kind, and allude to you as "a young woman of considerable personal attractions."

It is only when he describes you as "interesting, rather than strictly beautiful" that you may realize that probably your nose is all out of drawing, your eyes watery, and that what there is of your hair is the wrong color. In short this last expression is the worst that the Society Reporter can do to you—if you are in Society.

And if you are not in Society—well, then, he wouldn't know even who you are, don't you know.

The Society Reporter had not yet applied this final damning descriptive term to her, of whom I write, because She had not yet become "Briny," and—more important still—she was not poor.

She smiled upon a young man, and although her smile was about two inches too long, and

too toothy to be pretty, he decided to woo her. He had been told that she was "bright." So he decided to woo her as a bright woman should be wooed, in his opinion.

"I will not insult your preternatural intelligence," he began, "by telling you that you are beautiful. You are too clever to swallow that sort of humbug. Besides Beauty is not what I am after. It is transient and unsatisfying. But you have a Mind. One cannot expect to find Mind and Beauty combined—"

But at this point the young lady said, "Take me back to my chaperon," and the local temperature went down to freezing point!

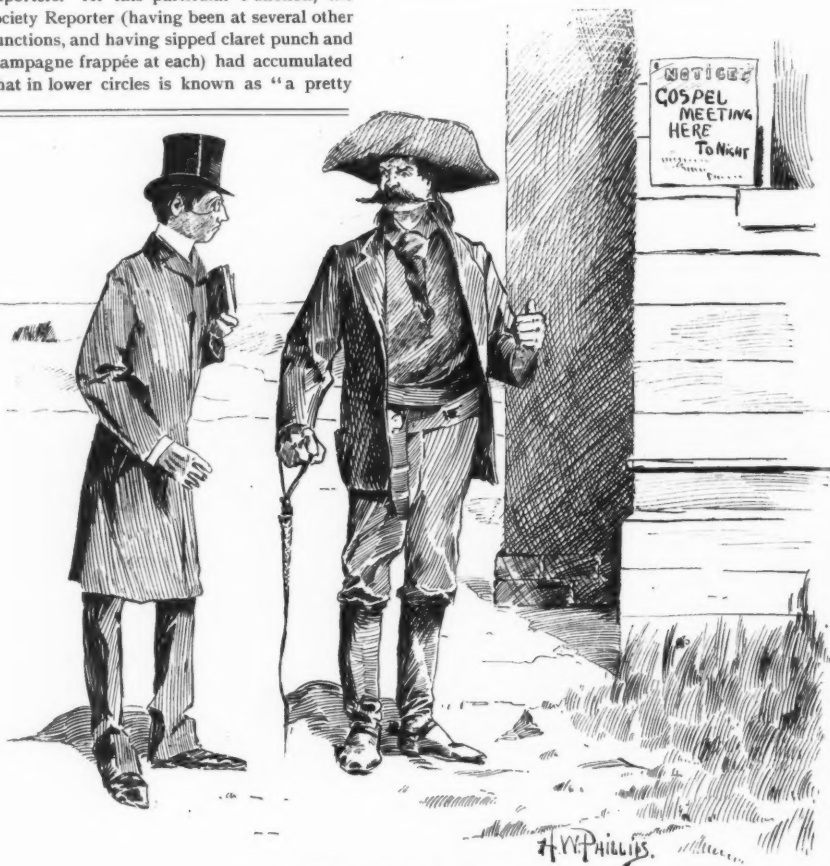
Now this happened at a Function.

A "Function" is a meeting of people held in large houses for the promotion of employment among dressmakers, florists and Society Reporters. At this particular Function, the Society Reporter (having been at several other Functions, and having sipped claret punch and champagne frappée at each) had accumulated what in lower circles is known as "a pretty

considerable jag." Therefore in reporting this Function he got his terms mixed.

The next morning on reading the morning paper Mrs. Golde-Dollar, the millionaire's wife, found herself described as "interesting, rather than strictly beautiful," while She, (of whom I write) read for the first time, that she was "Beautiful and possessed of indescribable *chic*."

The Society Reporter was denied entrance at Mrs. Golde-Dollar's next Function. And when the young man—who thought that bright women should be wooed differently from other women—saw the marriage of the Bright woman and the Society Reporter in the paper, he wondered how on earth the other fellow had got ahead of him! *Jessie M. Wood.*



A BUSINESS PROPOSAL.

Keno Jim: I SAW YOUR AD. UP THERE, PARDNER, AND THOUGHT WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO MAKE A DICKER. IF YOU'LL WHACK UP ON THE PROCEEDS I'LL GET ROARIN' FULL TO-NIGHT, AND START HERDIN' THE TOWN UP. WHEN I GET 'EM ON THE RUN IT'S YOUR PLAY TO YELL, "COME IN, AND BE SAVED." THEY'LL COME FAST ENOUGH, AND I'LL KEEP CHARGIN' AND SHOOTIN' OUTSIDE, WHILE YOU WANter PASS THE HAT INSIDE TO BEAT THE BAND. IF YOU CAN PLAY YOUR HAND ALL RIGHT, I'LL BET A TON OF WOOL AGAINST AN INJUN'S WHISKERS, THAT WE DIVIDE A COOL HUNDRED BETWEEN US.

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A LAWYER in Australia was defending a young man whose record was malodorous. Ignoring the record, however, the lawyer proceeded to draw a harrowing picture of two gray haired parents in England looking anxiously for the return of their prodigal son to spend the next Christmas with them, and he asked "Have you the hearts to deprive the old couple of this happiness?" The jury, however, found the prisoner guilty. Before passing sentence the judge called for the prisoner's jail record, after examining which he blandly remarked that the prisoner had some five previous convictions against him, but he was glad to say that the learned counsel's eloquent appeal would not remain unanswered, for he would commit the prisoner to Maitland jail, where his aged parents at the present moment were serving sentences respectively, so that father, mother and son would be able to spend the ensuing Christmas season under one roof.—*Argonaut*.

"THOMAS," said his mother proudly, "I'm very much pleased with you for winning that prize in the oratorical contest. It was a fine triumph. I hope, Thomas, that with this added spur to your ambition you will come home to tell me of a still greater victory, a still nobler triumph. "Yes, Thomas," she continued, as the youth stood blushing before her, "I hope that you will yet score a touch-down in a football match."—*Chicago Record*.

THE late Mr. Alexander, the architect of Rochester Bridge, was under cross examination in a special jury case at Maidstone by Sergeant Garrow, who wished to detract from the weight of his testimony, and who, after asking him what was his name, proceeded thus: "You are a builder, I believe?" "No, sir, I am not a builder; I am an architect." "Ah! Well, architect or builder, builder or architect, they are much the same I suppose?" "I beg your pardon, sir, I cannot admit that. I consider them to be totally different." "Oh, indeed! Perhaps you will state wherein this great difference consists?" "An architect, sir, prepares the plans, conceives the design, draws out the specification—in short, supplies the mind. The builder is merely the bricklayer or the carpenter—the builder, in fact, is the machine; the architect the power that puts the machine together and sets it going." "Oh, very well, Mr. Architect, that will do, and now, after your very ingenious distinction without a difference, perhaps you can inform the court who was the architect of the Tower of Babel?" "The Tower of Babel, sir!" replied the witness. "There was no architect, and hence the confusion!"—*Ex.*

OLD BACHELOR (*dictating his will to a lawyer*): To my housekeeper I bequeath 5,000 marks, from which there is, however, to be deducted the sum of 4½ pence for a dish that she broke last week.—*Schone Blaue Donau*.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

MR. ISAACS. By F. Marion Crawford. New York: Macmillan and Company.

The Front Yard, and Other Italian Stories. By Constance Fenimore Woolson. New York: Harper and Brothers.

From the Memoirs of a Minister of France. By Stanley J. Weyman. New York: Longmans, Green, and Company.

Rhymes of Our Planet. By Will Carleton. New York: Harper and Brothers.

God Forsaken. By Frederic Breton. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

About Paris. By Richard Harding Davis. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Two on a Tower. By Thomas Hardy. New York: Harper and Brothers.

LITTLE WILLOWREAN, walking with her mother stumbled several times over the rough pavement. Her mother said, "What's the matter, daughter?"

"Nothing's the matter with me," she indignantly, replied. "It's the ground is too thick in places."—*Exchange*.

LALANDE was once seated at a dinner between Madame de Stael and Madame Recamier when he remarked upon his own luckiness in being placed "between wit and beauty," to which Madame de Stael replied: "And without possessing either."—*Current Literature*.

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Broom's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, Agents.

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"How did you enjoy it?" I asked, expecting to hear enthusiastic praises, for, like many other barbers, he is a man of enthusiasms.

"Not at all," he replied. "My whole evening was a failure, for where I sat in the gallery I could see that your hair wasn't parted straight."—*Exchange*.

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ARTHUR.—“It won’t make you look like the new woman.”

EDNA.—“Why not? It has made you look like a new man.”

VISITOR TO SING SING: Who’s that sour looking fellow in the cell on the right?

GUARD: That’s a noted New York forger.

“And the one next to him?”

“He killed a man and got twenty years for manslaughter.”

“And the one on the left?”

“He was a famous house breaker.”

“And that redheaded fellow a little farther down?”

“Professional house burner.”

“And who’s the big ugly man at the end of the corridor?”

“Oh, that’s the police inspector that caught all these other fellows and sent them here.”—*Buffalo Express.*

“Young man,” said the fond father, “in giving you my daughter I have intrusted you with the dearest treasure of my life.”

The young man was duly impressed. Then he looked at his watch. “Really,” he remarked, “I had no idea it was so late. The cars have stopped. Could I borrow your wheel to get down town?”

“Young man, I would not trust anybody on earth with that wheel.”—*Indianapolis Journal.*

EVE stood without the gates of Eden weeping bitterly.

“Never mind, dear,” said Adam sturdily. “I will build you a home.”

“I know,” answered the weeping woman, “but I would like to have stayed there long enough to give the place one good housecleaning at least.”—*Ex.*

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